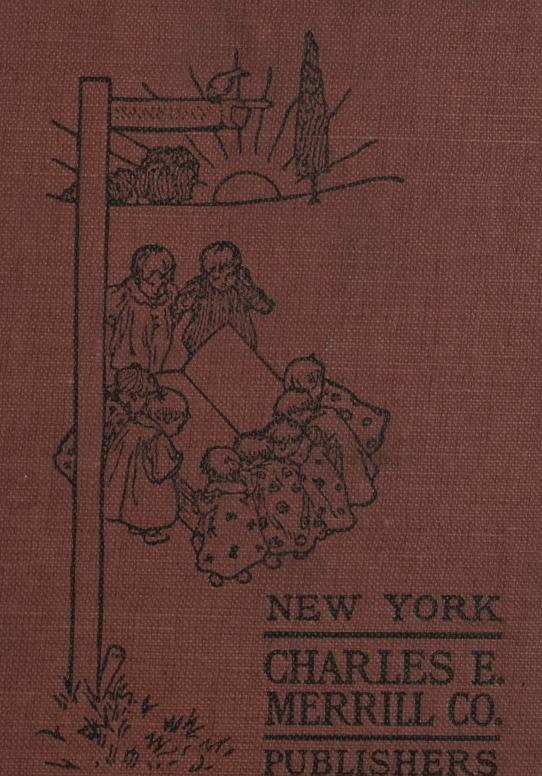
MERRILIS STORY BOOKS

STORIES FROM THE FAR EAST



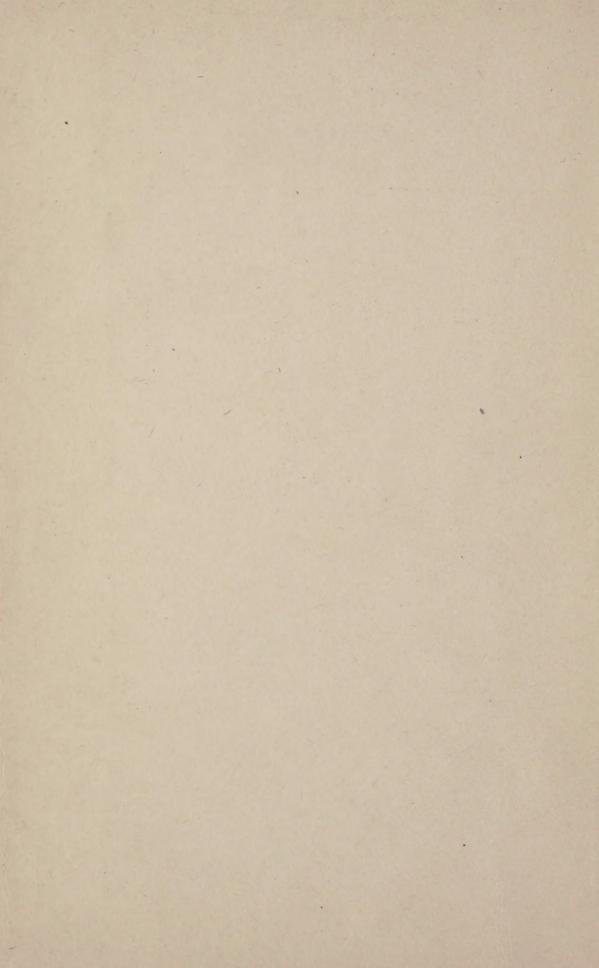


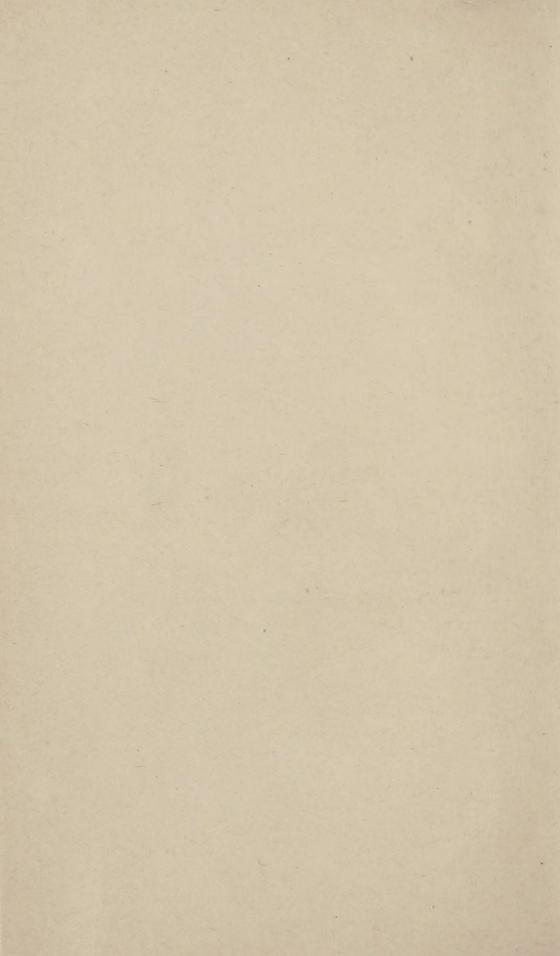
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STORIES

FROM

THE FAR EAST

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PREFACE

Day after day, Time takes his flight down the stairway of the Past. Let us imagine that there are many of these stairways leading from one floor to another in this great house which we call Our World. Let us also imagine that each story of the house is a century high. What a string of stairways, ten of them, we should need to carry us back a thousand years! And yet if we run down the whole ten stairways and then down ten more, we shall not be far enough back in time to see and hear the man who first told the stories which we are about to read.

In that far distant past there were no printed books; so these stories were not read, but told—not once, but many times, by teacher to pupil and by father to son, until children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, as they came climbing up the stairways, heard them told over and over again. And because so many boys and girls, youths and maidens, men and women, never became weary of hearing and of telling these stories, they must have been

not only interesting, but full of value. The stories must also have been full of fun, full of action, or boys and girls would never have listened to them and remembered them as they did.

They must have been full of suggestive truth and hidden wisdom, or the old men would have said, "Let's stop telling them. They are fit only for children." This is exactly what did not happen, for when century after century had come and gone, men still liked the stories well enough to write them on palm-leaves, or on paper, or on something else. In this way, many collections of these stories were made; and it is from three of these collections that our stories are taken. The arrangement of these collections is very peculiar: one story is placed within another, and a third within the second, and so on, until the whole is like a Chinese Ball Puzzle, with one inside the other.

In reading the stories about animals, it will help you to remember that,

The Jackal is very wise.

The Hare and the Mouse are clever, and so are, usually, the Deer, the Gazelle, and the Dog.

The Lion, the Tiger, the Elephant, the Ass, and the Monkey are usually stupid.

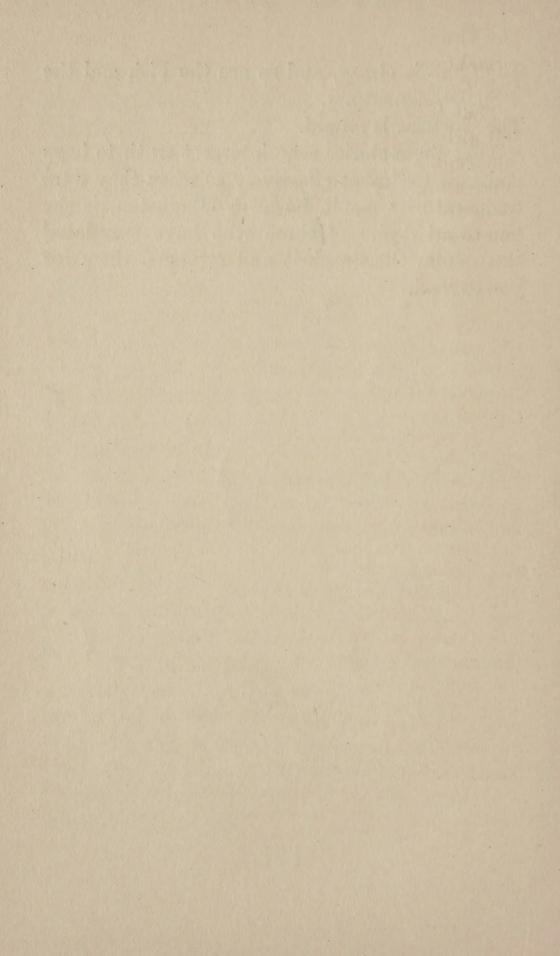
The Goose, the Swan, the Crow, and the Sandpiper are normally wise.

The Heron is stupid.

The Crab is clever, and so are the Fish and the Snake, sometimes.

The Tortoise is stupid.

That these stories may interpret truth to boys and girls to-day as effectively as when they were told centuries ago in far-away Hindustan, is the hope and desire of those who have translated them from the Sanskrit and arranged them for you to read.



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HOW AND WHY THESE STORIES WERE FIRST TOLD

FAR away in India, on the banks of the Ganges River, there is a city called Patna. In this city lived King Handsome. One day he overheard a sage reciting this verse:

"Instruction helps us see the truth,
Yes, truth of every kind;
The man who good instruction lacks,
Might just as well be blind."

Now this king had all the good qualities that a king should have; but the verse reminded him that his sons, just growing up, had never studied the books of the Law of Right Conduct and were falling into evil ways. This made him sorrowful; and on reflection he called an assembly of wise men, and said to them, "O ye Sages, hear me! My sons are going in evil ways and study not the books of the Law. Is there any one among you who can instruct them and make them good and virtuous? For there is a saying,

"As soon as glass is placed on gold,
It shines with golden light:
When foolish youths with sages live,
Stupidity takes flight."

Among the sages who had come to the meeting at the call of the king, there was one named Joy-of-Vishnu, who knew the wisdom of all the books of teaching. And when the king stopped speaking, Joy-of-Vishnu addressed him: "My Lord, these princes are born of a noble family, and can surely be brought to learn the principles of wise and virtuous behavior. Efforts directed toward a wrong object have no success: one hundred repetitions of a word will not make a heron say it as a parrot

can. But in such a family as yours, one does not find children without ability to learn, any more than one would expect to find a worthless pebble among a mass of rubies. Therefore in six months' time I will make your sons know the principles of good behavior."

The king courteously replied, "You shall have charge, then, of the teaching of my sons. Instruct them how to be good men and worthy princes." He gave the sage many presents as marks of honor, and summoned the princes to hear his words.

When they were all comfortably seated, the sage began his teachings thus:

"Instructive verse and narrative
Fill up the wise man's life;
But fools waste all their precious time
In evil, sleep, or strife.

"Therefore I will tell you certain curious stories that will teach you how to

make good and faithful friends, and how to avoid bad ones; and how to use every experience of life, profitably, for your instruction."

"Noble sir," said the princes, "relate these stories."

THE BLUE JACKAL

Once upon a time there lived in a forest a Jackal named Harsh-Howl. Hungry from lack of food, he came close to a city, looking for something to eat. There some dogs saw him and, barking savagely, began to chase him. They had almost surrounded him, and were just about to seize him, when he suddenly slipped away from them into a great house. Here, alas, he fell into a vat of indigo dye.

He was quite unable to climb out, and so, when the owner of the vat approached the next morning, he pretended to be dead. The owner, deceived, picked him up and flung him to one side—where-upon the Jackal sprang to his feet and

ran off into the woods, to the great amazement of the man.

Harsh-Howl was now of a shining blue color. When the Lions, the Tigers, the Panthers, the Wolves, and the other Forest-Dwellers saw him, an animal unlike any that they had ever seen before, they ran away at top speed. They said to one another, "We do not know this strange creature's behavior and strength; and there is a saying,

"Whose conduct, family, and strength one does not know,

Him let a wise man trust not, would be caution show."

Harsh-Howl saw that they were filled with terror, and suddenly noticing that he was blue all over, he reflected,—for blue is the color worn by kings,—"Oho, I am now of the royal color! To what high rank may I not come!"

So he called to the runaway animals,

"Oho, ye Flesh-Eaters! Why do you run away in terror at the sight of me? There is nothing to fear in me. Brahma himself created me just to-day, and said to me, 'Since the Flesh-Eaters have no special king, I appoint you king of all of them, and name you Tip-Top. Go down now to the earth and be their ruler and protector.' Therefore I am come hither; and all you Flesh-Eaters must hereafter dwell in the shadow of my kingly parasol. I, Tip-Top, am your supreme king."

At this the Lions and the Tigers and all the rest surrounded him and cried, "O Lord and Master, give your orders."

So he made the Lion his Prime Minister, the Tiger the Protector of his Bedchamber, the Wolf his Doorkeeper, and so on.

Then for a time he ruled as king. The Lions and the other beasts killed the gazelles and brought them to him for food; and he reserved his own portion and divided the rest among his subjects.

But now that he was raised to such power, he looked with scorn upon his own kind, the Jackals, and did not address to them a single word; he actually had them driven from his presence in disgrace.

The poor Jackals were much distressed at their treatment by Harsh-Howl. Finally one old and wise Jackal said, "Do not be downcast because we are scorned by him. I will make a plan for his undoing. The Tigers and the others are deceived by his color—nothing more; we must make them understand what he really is. If this evening we give a great howl all together, he will hear it, and his nature will lead him to howl in reply; for

"The nature of a man is hard
To overcome, 'tis said;
A dog will nibble at a shoe,
E'en though he be well-fed."

So that day just after sunset, when Harsh-Howl came to an assembly of his subjects, all the other Jackals met at a little distance and began to howl. When he heard this old familiar sound, he forgot himself; joy made his hair stand on end all over his body, memory filled his eyes with tears, and he uttered a long and piercing howl in reply.

Then the beasts who had submitted to his rule knew at once that he was only a Jackal. After standing for a moment with faces cast down from shame, they all exclaimed, "What! Have we let this wretched Jackal lead us all this time? Disgraceful! Kill him, kill him!"

And before Harsh-Howl could spring up and be off, they seized him and tore him to pieces.

This illustrates the verse,

Who leaves his friends and cultivates his foes, Like Tip-Top, King of Beasts, to death he goes!

THE BRAHMAN AND THE ROGUES

Once upon a time there was a Brahman who devoted himself to the care of the sacred fire of the sacrifice. One day in mid-winter, when a brisk wind was blowing and a chilling rain was just beginning to fall, he went to another village to seek an animal for sacrifice.

There he soon found a man for whom he had often performed sacrifice; and he said to him, "O Generous Patron, at the next new moon I wish to perform a sacrifice. Therefore give me an animal to be the offering!"

This patron thereupon gave him a fine fat goat. Seeing that it was suitable for the offering, the Brahman started home, carrying the goat upon his shoulder.



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On the way he was spied by three Rogues, who were chilled through by the rain and desperately hungry. They said to one another, "If only we had that fat goat, we should not mind this cold rain. Let us make a scheme to get it away from him." So they sat down under trees some distance apart, beside the lonely road along which the Brahman was walking.

The first Rogue, when the Brahman drew near, called out, "Ho, you foolish Brahman! Why are you carrying a dog on your shoulder?" Now the dog is considered an unclean animal, not to be touched by a priest, and the Brahman replied indignantly, "This is no dog, but a goat for a sacrifice."

Before long he came near the second Rogue, who hailed him, saying, "Ho, you foolish Brahman! Why are you carrying a dog on your shoulder?"

This puzzled the Brahman. Putting [20]

the goat down on the ground, he looked at it fixedly for a long time; but at last he took it up again and went on his way, though with wavering spirit, for Two tricksters' words oft shake a good man's

His wits, deceived by three men, are as naught.

thought:

Then the third Rogue's voice came to his ears: "Ho, you foolish Brahman! Why are you carrying a dog on your shoulder?" This settled the wavering of his thoughts. He dropped the goat and left it. He bathed in a stream to cleanse himself of the touch of the dog, and went home. The three Rogues carried off the goat in triumph and made a good dinner of it.

This illustrates the verse,

Reflect with care on others' words,

For sometimes they're not true.

The unthinking Brahman lost his goat;

Don't you have losses too!

FAR-REACHING PLANS

In a certain place there was a Brahman who lived upon the food which he received from begging. One day, after his appetite was satisfied, he found that he had a whole jar of rice-broth left over. He hung this jar upon a nail on the wall, just above the bed, and presently he lay down to sleep.

Lying there in the dark, he reflected: "I will save this jar of rice-broth until a famine comes, and then sell it for one hundred pieces of silver. With this I shall buy a pair of goats, and sell the young goats, until I can buy cattle. Next, buffaloes; finally, horses! At last I shall sell everything and have great riches.

"Then I shall buy a fine house, and

marry a wife with a big dowry. We shall have a son, and he will be a fine little fellow!

"Some day, I shall take my books and go out by the stable to study. The boy, eager to be trotted on my knee, will run away from his mother to me. On his way he will pass close behind the horses' heels.

"I shall be very angry at my wife's carelessness in letting him run into danger, and shall call out, 'Stop the boy, stop the boy!' She will be busy with her housework and will not hear. So I shall jump up and give her a kick!"

So deep was the Brahman in thought, that he gave a terrific kick as he lay there in bed, broke the jar that was hanging above him, and was thoroughly drenched with the broth.

This illustrates the verse,

Far-reaching plans will tumble on one's head, Like rice-broth on the Brahman in his bed.

THE PARROT BROTHERS

In a mountain region dwelt a pair of Parrots, with two young birds which had not yet learned to fly. One day, when the parents were away seeking food, a fowler chanced that way, and seeing the young Parrots, carried them both off to his home.

One bird escaped and made his way into the woods. The fowler put the other into a cage, and began to teach him to speak.

The one that had escaped was found by a hermit and by him taken to the hermitage, where he received good care.

Some time after that, a king, whose horse had run away and separated him from his army, came along the road lead-



ing to the home of the fowler. The Parrot, in a cage before the house, began to cry, "Oho, oho, my master! A man is coming on horseback, all alone! Quick, seize him, seize him and kill him!"

Hearing these frightful words, the king turned his horse around and spurred away; and soon afterward he came to the settlement of hermits. There also was a Parrot perching before a house. But this Parrot began to say, "Approach, O King, and rest yourself. Ho, Hermits! Offer

the stranger a hospitable welcome here in this shady wood."

The king reflected: "What can make such a difference in the welcome given by the Parrots? Surely it must be the nature of those with whom they have associated."

This illustrates the verse,

Upon the nature of our friends Our virtue and our sin depends.

A DOG IN A STRANGE COUNTRY

In a certain city there dwelt a Dog named Spotted-body. And there was a famine in the land, which lasted a long time. Then many Dogs and other animals left their families and wandered off to distant parts. Among these was Spotted-body.

He came at last to a strange city, where he went daily to a certain house. The mistress of the house was careless and left many articles of food lying about. Spotted-body ate this food, and soon became fat and happy.

But the Dogs that were natives of the place objected to the presence of a stranger who ate the food which they wanted; and one day they all attacked him, and

with their sharp teeth tore his skin into strips, so that he barely escaped with his life.

After this unpleasant experience, Spotted-body said to himself, "It is better to be at home with a famine than to live in abundance where your neighbors tear you to pieces. I will go straight home to my own native city!"

When he arrived, his old friends all surrounded him and asked him, "Spotted-body, tell us, how are things abroad? What is the country like? What sort of people live there? What do they eat? What business do they follow?"

To all this torrent of questions Spottedbody answered sadly, "How can a strange land be properly described?

"There's lots of food and careless wives;
Alas, there's one great danger:
Your own kind grudge you e'en your life,
Because you are a stranger."

THE ONION THIEF

In a certain city a man was caught stealing onions, and was thrown into a dungeon. When he was tried, the Judges said to him, "You shall pay one hundred rupees, or receive one hundred lashes, or eat one hundred onions. Choose your punishment. Otherwise you shall not be set free."

The thief said, "I choose to eat one hundred onions."

Thereupon ten bundles of ten onions each were brought, and the thief began to eat.

When he had finished seven bundles and had begun on the eighth, the tears filled his eyes and nose, and his mouth became full of foam, and he said, "I am unable to eat any more; but I have not the hundred rupees either. So I must take the lashes."

But when about half of the lashes had been inflicted upon him, he cried out, "This, too, I cannot endure. I will pay the hundred rupees with interest, just as soon as I can. Only do not lash me to death!"

Thus the onion thief suffered not one penalty, but all three, because he did not finish what he had begun, and he became a laughing-stock to all the city.

This illustrates the verse,

'Tis well to finish what you've once begun, Or like the thief, you'll do three tasks for one.

THE JACKAL AND HIS MEAT

Once upon a time a Jackal was going to his home with a piece of meat in his mouth. His path led along the bank of a river, where he spied a great Fish swimming in the shallows. Dropping the meat, he dashed in to catch the Fish; but the Fish had seen him first, and was off like a flash into deep water.

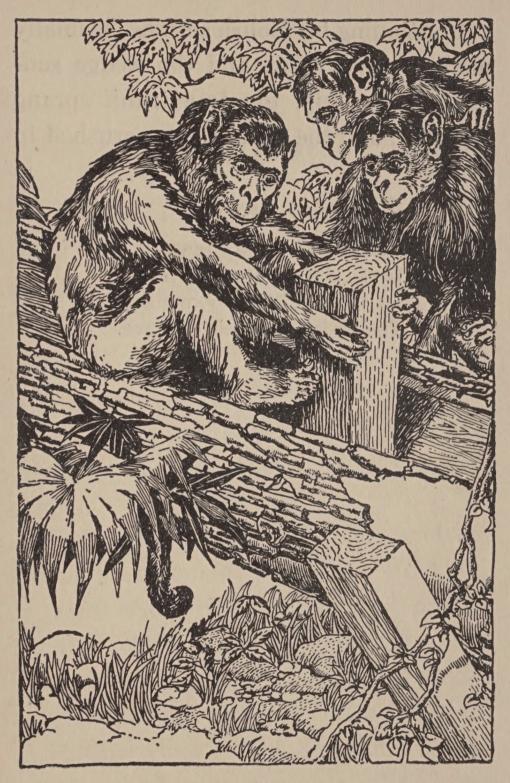
Meanwhile a Vulture swooped down out of the sky, seized the piece of meat, and bore it away. Then a hermit sitting not far away, who had seen the whole performance, said to the Jackal,

"The Fish within the stream doth swim,
The Vulture has the meat;
You've lost both fish and flesh, my friend;
What have you now to eat?"

THE MEDDLESOME MONKEY

Once upon a time, at the edge of a forest, a temple was being built at a little distance from a village. Carpenters were splitting a tree trunk from end to end, to make it into two beams. To work at it the more easily, they put a wedge into the slit that had been made. At sunset, as the task was not finished, they left the tree trunk still sprung apart by the wedge.

As soon as the carpenters had gone, a troop of Monkeys came out of the trees round about, and began to climb and play over the half-built temple. After a while one of them sat down on the tree trunk with his legs in the cleft, and began to pull at the wedge.



Continuing his foolish actions, he finally made a great effort and the wedge suddenly came out; the tree trunk sprang together, and the Monkey was crushed to death.

This illustrates the verse,

To meddle with the strange is bad, If you'd from death be free; Thus died the Monkey, pulling out The wedge that held the tree.

THE THIEVISH MERCHANT

A merchant left his home and remained twelve years in a distant country, where he collected many precious stones of all kinds. On his way home, he stopped over night at an inn. Before the door of this inn there was an ugly image of a god, and on the crown of its head the innkeeper had placed a very valuable jewel.

In the middle of the night the merchant got up and went to the door. He stood in front of the image, and reaching up, tried to take the jewel from the place where it was fastened. But the jewel was attached to wires, and as soon as he pulled at it, the wires pulled the arms of the image, which were movable. The arms

caught the merchant and squeezed him so hard that he shrieked with pain.

The innkeeper was aroused, and coming out, said, "You'd be a thief, would you, and take my jewel? You shall pay me for your evil-doing. Give me all the valuables which you have, or I will leave you there in the arms of the image until the officers come to punish you."

So the thievish merchant had to give up all his jewels, and wander away penniless.

This illustrates the verse,

Theft brings not happiness nor wealth; The merchant really robbed himself.

THE ASS IN THE TIGER-SKIN

At Delhi, there was a washerman named Clean-Clothes. The bundles of clothes were carried to and from his customers' homes on the back of an Ass. But from overwork and lack of food this Ass could hardly drag himself about. The washerman sadly reflected, "Alas, if he dies, I shall be unable to carry on my business and earn my living. What shall I do?"

While he was saying this to himself, he saw a tiger-skin hanging up, for sale; and it was so cheap that it gave him an idea.

"What luck!" he thought, "I can easily buy this skin. Then I'll throw it across the Ass's back, and let him out into the grain-fields at night. The people will think that he is a Tiger, and will not disturb him."

So the washerman bought the tigerskin, and putting it upon the Ass turned him into a field of grain not far away, soon after nightfall. In this way the Ass had every night all that he could eat, and was becoming well and strong again.

But the owner of the field now noticed that his grain was being eaten by some animal; so he went out in the night with his bow and arrow to protect his property.

After watching for a time, he saw the Ass approaching. He thought, "A Tiger! I am lost!" and drawing his gray cloak over him, tried to creep away without being seen. But the Ass saw the gray object, and thought that it was one of his own kind. He was feeling lonely, so he

uttered a loud bray of greeting, and ran toward the farmer.

At the sound, the farmer knew that this animal was no Tiger, but an Ass; and taking good aim, he shot him through the heart with an arrow.

This illustrates the verse,

A fool may get prosperity,
If his voice he does not raise;
The Ass that wears the tiger-skin,
Is slain because he brays.

THE SPEAKING CAVE

In a forest dwelt a Lion. He wandered about in search of food, but found nothing, and grew hungrier and hungrier, until at sunset he came upon a hole in the rocks. Seeing this, he thought, "Surely some creature lives in here!"

Then he entered the cave and waited. Soon the occupant of the cave, a Jackal, returned. As he was about to enter, he saw a Lion's footprints leading into the cave, but none coming out again. He reflected, "O woe! There must be a Lion in there. What shall I do?"

Then going to the entrance, he called in anger, "Ho there, Cave, ho there!"

He waited a little and said again, "Don't you remember that we agreed



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that I was to greet you when I returned, and that you were then to invite me in? Unless you do so, I will go off to my other home."

Hearing this, the Lion thought, "It must be the custom of the Cave to speak to him whenever he comes back; and now it is silent from fear of me, for

"When people are by fright deterred, They can't raise hand or say a word.

"So I will reply for the Cave, that this Jackal may enter and become my food."

So he roared out, "Enter!"

But the Jackal, hearing the Lion's voice, ran off at top speed, calling to the Lion,

"Good fortune comes, and never grief,
If one with care behave;
Though old and gray, I ne'er before
Heard voices from a cave!"

THE MONKEYS AND THE LIGHTNING-BEETLE

In a mountainous district there dwelt a troop of Monkeys, who could not make themselves warm and comfortable when the cold of winter came, but sat shivering with chattering teeth in the chilling wind.

One day at dusk they saw a huge lightning-beetle, and said to one another, "Why not light a fire from it?"—for they had once seen men blowing a smouldering fire into a blaze.

So they caught the beetle, and placed dried grass and leaves and bits of wood upon it. Then stretching out their hands to it, they pretended to enjoy the warmth, while one of their number blew vigorously



upon the beetle to make the fire burn better.

A Bird named Needle-Bill saw this foolish performance and said tauntingly to them, "Oh, what fools you are! There is no fire there; that is only a lightning-beetle. Why, then, this useless toil? If you wish to protect yourself from the wind, seek shelter among the trees or in a cave in the rocks."

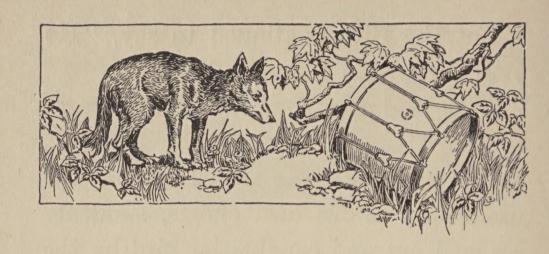
The Monkey that was blowing on the beetle said in reply, "What is that to you? Hold your tongue, for

"E'en fools, when foolishly addressed, Will show that silence oft is best." But the Bird continued to say, "Ho you! Why this useless toil?"

As he said it, he drew nearer and nearer to the Monkey. Finally the Monkey, exasperated by these words and by the uselessness of his own efforts, suddenly reached out and caught the Bird by the wing. Then he struck the Bird against a rock with such violence that he died instantly.

This illustrates the verse,

A razor will not cut a stone,
And water will not burn;
So, foolish Bird, try not to teach
A man that will not learn!



THE JACKAL AND THE DRUM

One day a Jackal was roaming about on the edge of a forest, when suddenly he came upon a place where two armies had had a great battle not long before.

As he looked forth over the battlefield, he heard a roaring sound. Now this was merely the booming of a drum. It happened that the strong wind drove the branch of a tree against this drum and caused the noise.

But the Jackal was not familiar with drums, and thought with terror, "Alas, I am lost! I must be up and away before this great roaring monster catches a glimpse of me. And yet, without a real cause, I ought not to leave the home that has been my family's for generations.

"In fear and joy consider first
And never act too fast,
And then you never need repent
For what you do at last.

"So I'll first see who is making this noise!"

With these words the Jackal gathered up his courage and began to investigate. Step by step he drew nearer, until finally he saw the drum. When the branch was swung against it by the wind, it uttered the sound, but only then. Having observed this, the Jackal came up to it and hit it a smart blow with his paw. The drum gave a great roar.

The Jackal concluded that it was a big animal, helpless from wounds received in the battle, and said to himself, "Aha! It is a long while since I have eaten such a big fellow! He is surely full of flesh, blood, and marrow!"

Thereupon he attacked the hard leather head of the drum, and broke one of his best teeth while making an opening. Of course, he then saw that the whole drum was merely a hollow frame of wood and leather, and in his disappointment he said,

"I thought the thing was full of meat, But inside's not a bite to eat."

THE LION MAKERS

In a certain place lived four young Brahmans, bound together by close friendship. Three of them had thoroughly learned all the books of knowledge, but that had not taught them common sense. The fourth had learned little from books, but was naturally cleverwitted.

One day they decided to travel in foreign lands, seeking the favor of a rich prince.

After they had been traveling for a time, the oldest of them said, "There is one of our number who has never learned the books of knowledge. Now kings have no presents for those who have no learning. Let us not give him

any share in what we receive, but send him back home!"

The second said, "You clever fellow, turn around and go home!"

But the third said, "That is not kind. We have played with him from infancy, and must not treat him so. Let him go with us and have his share!"

And so they all went on.

Presently they found the bones of a dead Lion under a tree. One said, "Let us test our knowledge. Here is a dead animal; let us bring him to life again!"

A second said, "I know how to put the bones together!"

The third said, "I will provide skin, flesh, and blood!"

The first said, "I will give him life!"

So one put the bones together, the next clothed them with flesh and blood and skin, and the other began to provide the dead body with life. At this point the Clever One, who had said nothing all the while, spoke up, "That is a Lion! If you bring him to life, he will eat us all!"

But the first one said, "Nonsense! In our hands knowledge shall not be without fruit."

"Then," said the Clever One, "just wait an instant until I climb this tree."

A moment later the Lion was restored to life, and at once he fell upon and devoured the three. But the Clever One stayed up in the tree until the Lion had gone away, and then descended and returned to his home.

This illustrates the verse,

All knowledge without sense should be decried; 'Twas thus the learned Lion Makers died.

BELL-EAR AND THE POOR WOMAN

Among the Holy Mountains there lies a city named Brahma Town. Not far from this city, in the mountains, there lived an Ogre named Bell-ear. At least this was what everybody believed; but here is the truth of the matter.

Some time before that a thief had stolen a bell, had run away with it, and had been killed and devoured by a Tiger. The bell lay on the ground for a time; then it was found by some Monkeys, who picked it up, and were much pleased with its ringing when they shook it. So they kept ringing it all the time.

Now the people in the city knew that the man had been killed and eaten. When they heard the sound of the bell all the time, they thought that there was an Ogre out there with a bell, looking for men to eat; and they called him Bellear. They were so frightened that many of them left home and went to other cities to live.

But there was a poor woman in the city who was not to be terrified without a reason, and she went out into the woods to see what caused the noise. There she soon found that the noise was caused by some Monkeys ringing the bell.

So she went to the king of the city and said to him, "My lord, if you will reward me well, I will make Bell-ear leave this part of the country."

The king was pleased and gave her a heavy purse full of gold. Upon this, to make a great impression on everybody, she performed many magic ceremonies, and offered sacrifices to the gods.

Finally, taking a great quantity of fruit, she went out alone into the woods. Here she scattered the fruit upon the ground. The Monkeys dropped the bell and hurried to eat the fruit.

While they were thus occupied, the woman picked up the bell and went back to the city, hiding the bell under a rock by the way. The people, no longer hearing the ringing of the bell, thought that she had driven the Ogre away forever, and they honored her as their benefactor all the rest of her life.

This illustrates the saying,

Of just a sound be not afraid,
Unless the cause you know;
A woman poor did stop a bell,
And very famous grow.

THE THREE FISHES

Once upon a time some fishermen came to the shores of Lake Blooming-Lotus. Looking into the water, they said, "Aha, the lake is full of fish, and we must cast our nets here! But it is too late to-day; we'll return to-morrow."

Three of the Fishes in the lake were very close friends. One of these, named Forethought, heard the dreadful words, and calling his two friends, said, "Alas, good friends, did you hear what these fishermen were saying? They will return to-morrow and catch us all. Let us be off at once to another lake. It is unsafe to stay here any longer."

But the second, Readywit, said, "The very idea! They may not come back

at all; but if they do, then I will devise a scheme to save myself. He alone is clever who knows how to escape from a misfortune into which he has already fallen."

The third Fish, What-will-be, laughed and said, "This is not the only lake with fish in it. But if they do come back, after all we cannot live longer than our allotted time, whatever we do.

"What is to happen, must take place, And what is not, can not; Our worries all will vanish, if This thought be not forgot.

"A mere chance word of some fisherman shall not make me leave the home of my father and grandfathers."

So Forethought swam away alone to another lake, leaving his two friends behind.

On the next day the fishermen returned, cast their nets, and caught every fish in

the lake. When the nets were hauled in, Readywit remained motionless, as though dead. The fishermen thought, "This big fish has died of its struggles," and picking him out of the net, laid him on the bank. Then with a quick movement of his tail he threw himself back into the water and escaped.

On the other hand, What-will-be merely tried to pass through the meshes of the net, which was of course quite impossible; and the fishermen struck him with sticks and killed him.

This illustrates the verse,

Friend Forethought and friend Readywit
Escaped from death and pain;
What-will-be, caught within the net,
By fishermen was slain.

THE CROWS AND THE SNAKE

In a huge banyan tree lived a pair of Crows, and below them, in the hollow of the tree, a Snake had his home. Every time the Crows had a brood of little birds the Snake crawled up to their nest and devoured them.

Presently Mrs. Crow said, "Husband, let us move our home to another tree; for as long as we remain here in this tree we shall always lose our children. Even our own lives are not safe.

"False friends, bad slaves, a home with snakes: From all of these, sure death one takes."

Mr. Crow replied, "My dear, let us see if something cannot be done to get rid of this Snake. Perhaps our friend the Jackal can help us."



The Crows then went to see the Jackal, who lived in a hole at the foot of another tree not far away and was their closest friend. They said to him, "Dear friend, tell us what we must do. A great Snake comes out of the hollow of our tree and eats our children. We, too, are daily in danger of our lives. Tell us how to get rid of him."

The Jackal replied, "Do not worry. Of course it will take a clever trick—and here it is. Go to the city and carry off from the king or from some other rich man a necklace or jewel and drop it into

the hollow where the Snake lives. Then he is sure to be killed."

Mr. and Mrs. Crow at once flew to the city and watched for their opportunity. Presently they saw the king's son come from the palace and walk out into the pleasure park to a clear and shining pool, where he was accustomed to bathe. He took a golden chain from his neck and laid it on a rock beside the pool, and entered the water. One of the Crows forthwith picked up the chain in his beak, and flew away with it.

The prince's attendants, running after them to recover it, were just in time to see them drop it into the hollow of the tree. The men climbed the tree and looked into the hollow. This disturbed the Snake, and he put his head out angrily toward them. To protect themselves, they killed him with blows of their sticks. In this way they recovered the chain, which they carried back to the prince.

After that, the Crows were undisturbed, and reared a numerous family in safety and content.

This illustrates the verse,

A thing that is beyond your strength,
Your cleverness may gain;
The little Crows, to kill a Snake,
Did use a golden chain.

SPOTTED-COAT'S CAPTIVITY

Spotted-coat was a young Gazelle, who roamed about with the herd, and often ran ahead of the others, for he was a lively creature.

Now Gazelles have two gaits, the running and the jumping, and the latter is very useful in avoiding nets spread by hunters on the grass. One day the herd came to some nets, and passed by them with the jumping gait—all but poor Spotted-coat, who had run ahead of the rest and become entangled in the hunters' nets.

The hunter came out of the place where he was hiding, and picked up Spotted-coat to carry him off—he seemed too small and young to kill; and the rest of

the herd scurried away, having no hope of rescuing him.

The hunter, finding the Gazelle a gentle creature, gave him to the young son of the king to be a pet. The prince, delighted, gave the hunter a large reward for his kindness, and then had Spotted-coat bathed and perfumed and fed with dainty foods. The ladies of the court and the children all became very fond of him, and petted him until he was weary of being stroked and fondled.

One day Spotted-coat came to the side of the prince as he was lying half asleep, and said—for by the association with men he had learned to speak—

"When shall I my old kinsmen gain
And run with them in wind and rain?"

The prince was much startled and said, "Who spoke?"

He looked all about him and seeing only the Gazelle, thought, "Was it a

man or a beast that spoke? I must be going crazy."

With shaking steps he went out and told what had happened. He called doctors and magicians, and promised a great reward and high honors to him who could cure him.

Meanwhile the poor Gazelle was beaten and stoned until an old sage said, "Do not hurt the poor creature! He is but a Gazelle, even if he has learned to speak because he has been with men so long. He merely desires to be once more with his own kind, and has expressed to you his wish. Is not this all that troubles you?"

At this, the prince, who had been shivering and shaking as if with fever—though it was only the effect of his terror—came to himself again and ordered his attendants to bathe Spotted-coat and then lead him out into the forest.

And when this was done, Spotted-coat rejoined his friends and kinsmen, who welcomed him gladly; and he lived with them much more happily than in the splendid palace.

This illustrates the verse,

There's luxury in palaces,
But not much real content;
On joining kith and kin at home
The pet Gazelle was bent.

THE SINGING ASS

In a certain place there was an Ass, who in the daytime carried burdens for a washerman; but at night he roamed around at will.

One night he struck up a friendship with a Jackal. Then the two together broke down fences and wandered into melon-patches, where they are as much as they wished. Before dawn the Jackal went back into the forest and the Ass returned to his master's stable.

One night the Ass said to the Jackal, "Dear cousin, see how bright and beautiful the night is! I feel that I must sing of its beauties. Tell me in what style I shall sing."

The Jackal replied, "Don't make any

useless noise! We are doing thieves' work, and thieves should keep quiet.

"Beside that, your voice is not exactly melodious. And when the farmers hear you, they will rush out and capture you, to put you to death. So just eat these delicious melons and don't bother about singing!"

But the Ass said, "Alas, you do not understand the charm of music. You live out in the woods."

"That may be true," said the Jackal, "but I do not like your voice. Anyhow, why disturb our proceeding here with the melons?"

The Ass said indignantly, "Nonsense! I know all about music, and you are an ignorant fellow."

"Well," answered the Jackal, "if you must sing, I will go to the garden gate and watch for the farmer; then sing as much as you like!"

So the Ass stretched out his head and began to bray. The farmer, roused by the noise, gnashed his teeth in anger, seized a club, rushed out into the garden and beat the Ass until he fell down helpless on the ground. Then he tied the animal to a heavy log of wood, thinking that it would keep him a prisoner until morning, and returned to his bed.

But as soon as the farmer had disappeared, the Ass sprang to his feet and dashed off through the fence, dragging the log after him; and try as he might, he could not free himself from it.

This illustrates the verse,

'Tis well to have your conscience clear,
If you desire to sing;
Bad company and evil deeds
Just punishment will bring.

THE TORTOISE AND THE GEESE

Near Lake Blooming-Lotus there lived two Geese and their friend, a Tortoise.

One day some fishermen came to the shore of the lake, and said to each other, "We will stay here over night and tomorrow we will catch all the fishes and tortoises in this lake."

The Tortoise heard these words and said to the two Geese, "My friends, I have heard these fishermen talk about catching all the fishes and the tortoises. What can I do to save my life?"

The two Geese replied, "Let us first find out just what will happen. Then we will do the right thing for the occasion."

"Not so," said the Tortoise, "for I see [69]

sure death ahead for me here; my only chance is to go to another lake."

"If you reach another lake," answered the two Geese, "you will certainly be safe; but how are you to cross the land?"

The Tortoise said, "A plan has occurred to me by which you can carry me through the air."

"What is your plan?" asked the two.

"You two must take the ends of a stick in your beaks," replied the Tortoise, "and I will hang to the middle of it by my mouth. In this way you can fly to another lake, carrying me along comfortably."

"This is indeed a clever plan," answered the two Geese, "but you must consider whether it may not have its dangers. When men see us carrying you, they will be surprised and make remarks about it; and if you answer them, you will lose your hold on the stick and fall to the

ground and be killed. It is better for you to stay here."

"Oh," said the Tortoise, "I am not such a fool as that. I won't say a word."

And so the two Geese started to carry the Tortoise through the air to another lake.

Then, just as the Geese had said, the cowherds in the fields were greatly astonished and began to run after them, saying, "O a great marvel! Two birds carrying a tortoise!"

Then one of them said, "If this tortoise falls, we will cook and eat him right here."

Another said, "No, we'll carry him home."

A third said, "No, we'll cook him and eat him by the lake."

At these cruel words, the Tortoise became angry and forgetting his resolve, cried out, "No, you'll eat ashes!"

But even as he spoke, he fell to the ground and was killed at once by the cowherds.

This illustrates the verse,

To open your mouth seems a very small thing; Yet 'twas thus that the poor Tortoise died,— Which proves that whenever friends come to your aid,

'Tis well by their words to abide.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT

There was a poor Brahman who lived a humble life, eating frugally and clothing himself poorly, even though many men gave him fine presents. One day he received two young cows, and these he reared carefully, giving them an abundance of water and hay. Presently a thief saw them and at once thought, "I will steal these fine cows from the Brahman!"

At evening the thief set out to the dwelling of the Brahman, taking a rope with which to lead the cows away. Before he reached the place, he met a curious looking creature, with teeth far apart but very sharp, a long nose, big red-rimmed eyes, enormous muscles, red

beard and hair, and his body the color of fire.

On seeing him, the thief was filled with terror, but asked, "Who are you?"

"I am an Ogre that eats Brahmans," answered the other. "Tell me who you are."

The thief replied, "I am a thief on my way to steal a pair of cows from a Brahman."

"Good sir," said the Ogre, "it is just time for me to eat another meal; I will eat the Brahman while you steal his cows."

So together they came to the dwelling of the Brahman, and hid themselves until the Brahman was asleep. Then they set about their tasks.

But just as the Ogre was about to seize the man, the thief said, "Wait until I drive off the cows before you eat your man."

"Not at all," said the Ogre, "for the cows may make some noise when you drive them off, and thus arouse the Brahman; and then all my efforts will be in vain."

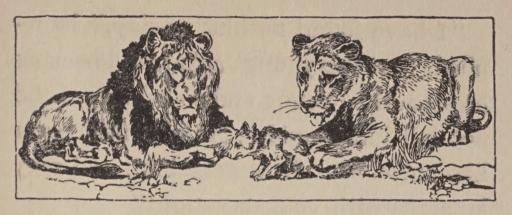
The thief insisted, "But you may wake him yourself and he will prevent me from taking the cows. Let me steal the cows first, and then you may eat your Brahman!"

While they thus quarreled, each insisting that he should be first, the Brahman was aroused by the noise, and sat up. The thief said to him, "Brahman, this Ogre wishes to eat you!" And the Ogre said, "Brahman, this thief wishes to steal your cows!"

Now even an Ogre that can swallow a man whole is not to be feared by a man who is awake and knows the prayer for use against Ogres. So our honest Brahman, seeing what the trouble was, rose to his feet and drove off the Ogre with this prayer, while he brought his staff down with a good crack upon the head of the thief.

This illustrates the verse,

Our foes will often serve us well,
If once they fall to strife;
The Ogre saved the Brahman's cows;
He owes the thief his life.



THE YOUNG JACKAL IN THE LION'S FAMILY

In a certain forest region there lived once upon a time a pair of Lions, with two cubs. Mr. Lion went out daily to kill game, and then brought his prey home to his wife.

But one day he found nothing, until, just at dusk, he came across a young Jackal. Seeing how young and helpless he was, the Lion took him carefully between his teeth and carried him home to Mrs. Lion without injuring him in the least.

She said to him, "My dear, have you brought me something to eat?"

"I have found nothing to-day," he replied, "but this young Jackal, and because he seemed so young and so helpless, I did not kill him; besides, he is a flesh-eater like ourselves. Now take him, and may he agree with your digestion!"

Mrs. Lion said, "My dear, if you spared him from pity, how may I slay him? No; he shall be my third son." So she reared him with her own two cubs.

The three young ones, without realizing their difference, played together daily. As they grew older, they began to wander out together into the forest.

One day they came upon an Elephant. The two young Lions were eager to attack him, but the young Jackal said, "Oh! That is a natural enemy of ours, far too strong for us!" and ran home as fast as he could.

Through his cowardice, the other two lost their courage also, and ran home.

For there is a very true saying,

A single steadfast soldier often makes an army brave;

A single coward makes them run, and try their lives to save.

When all were safe and sound at home, the two spoke scornfully to their parents of the conduct of their brother, who had run away as soon as he saw an Elephant in the distance.

The young Jackal became exceedingly angry; his lips twitched, his eyes blazed, his eyebrows came together in a frown, and he made the most savage threats at them.

Mrs. Lion took him aside and said to him, "My child, speak not so! They are your brothers."

But he continued, "Am I inferior, then, in any way, in bravery, in appearance, in dexterity, in zeal for knowledge, that they should mock me? I will kill them both!"

Mrs. Lion, inwardly amused, but desiring to save the life of her foster-child, said to him,

"You're quite a hero, son, and are
With courage filled;
Yet Elephants by such as you
Are seldom killed.

"Hear then the whole truth, my child! You are a Jackal's son, whom I in pity have reared with my own cubs; go now at once to your own kinsmen, while your foster-brothers are still ignorant of your nature. Otherwise you will some day meet death at their hands."

After he heard this, the young Jackal in bewilderment and terror crept quietly away and joined his own kinsmen.

This illustrates the verse,

We should not try to be what we are not; A Jackal's not a Lion, by a lot!

THE ELEPHANTS AND THE MICE

There is a certain district rich in ponds, fields, houses, and temples. Here Mice had settled long ago, and here they had lived and died, generation after generation. Now there were countless thousands of them, dwelling close to one another in the houses of men and in clefts of the earth. They lived happily, eating and drinking and making merry.

One day an Elephant King, followed by a vast herd, came down to the pond to drink. On their way the huge animals broke through the houses of the Mice, crushing the poor little creatures into the earth.

The Mice who escaped said to one another, "If these evil Elephants come back

this way, they will leave not one of us alive. Let us devise a plan to get us out of our difficulty."

After consideration, some of the Mice went to the pond, bowed before the Elephant King, and said, "Your Majesty, in this place we have lived from long ago; now by your coming we have been slain by the thousands. If you return by the same way, we shall be slain to the very last. Have pity upon us, and return by another route; for surely we may some day be of help to you."

The Elephant King heard, reflected a little, and then said, "It shall be done as you ask."

Some time afterward, a certain king ordered his hunters to catch Elephants. They made a great pit beside the pond, and in this caught a great number of the herd, including the Elephant King. Three days later, when the Elephants

were weakened with hunger, the hunters bound them with ropes, led them out of the pit, and fastened them to huge trees, leaving them thus for the night.

The Elephant King, after the hunters had departed, said to himself, "How are we to be set free? I can think of no one to help us but the Mice." So he called another Elephant—one who had not fallen into the pit, but had come to see his old comrades and to help them if he could—and said to him, "Summon the Mice to our assistance."

This Elephant went to the Mice and said, "My King and all his herd have been captured by hunters. He asks you to come and set them free, if you can do this."

The Mouse King replied, "On one occasion you spared us; now we will show that we can repay your kindness."

Then the Mice went by tens of thou-

sands to help the Elephants. They gnawed through the ropes that bound the Elephant King and his herd, and set them free.

Thus did the Mice display their gratitude to the Elephants, and showed that even the small and weak may do great services to the large and strong.

This illustrates the verse,

Think not a friend may be too small
To help you in your need;
The mighty Elephants fast bound,
The tiny Mice once freed.

THE GEESE AND THE CLIMBING VINES

A flock of Geese lived in a forest, on a great silk-cotton tree. One day, toward sunset, a hunter passed under the tree just as the Goose King and his followers returned to the tree for the night.

Seeing them, he reflected sadly, "What tricks fate plays on us! If I could only spread my nets in this tree, I might catch the whole flock of Geese. But it is absolutely impossible to climb the tree. However, I will plant the seeds of climbing vines, and they will ascend the tree and serve me as a ladder."

So he sowed the seeds at the foot of the tree and went away.

Soon the vines began to grow. An old [85]

Goose named Splendor-of-Nectar called the Geese together and said, "Do you not see these vines? Let us pull them up by the roots now, while we can. Otherwise they will cover the tree, and serve some hunter as a ladder; and he will destroy us all.

"Neglect the little dangers, no one should; A tiny fire may grow and burn a wood."

But the younger Geese all said, "What is this nonsense that the old fellow is saying?" and paid no heed to his advice.

The vines grew fast and soon covered the tree. Then, in the daytime while the Geese were away seeking food, the hunter came back, ascended the tree, and spread his nets.

At evening the Geese returned to their home, and in the gathering darkness they were all caught in the nets—all except the cautious Splendor-of-Nectar, who had perched at the very top of the tree ever since he had noticed the vines.

Then the captured Geese began to struggle and to cry. After they had given up in despair, Splendor-of-Nectar said to them, "Stupids! You now see the consequence of not following my advice. What are you going to do?"

The captives cried out to him, "Yes, our eyes were blind, and we could not see the coming danger. Honorable sir, tell us what to do."

He replied, "When the hunter comes, remain motionless with your heads hanging down and your eyes rolled up, as though you were dead. He will climb the tree, and thinking you dead, will throw you to the ground. Remain quiet there until I give you the signal to fly away."

When the hunter came, he thought the Geese were all dead; so he threw them one

by one to the ground, intending later to gather them up.

But just as soon as he had thrown down the last one, the old Goose in the top of the tree raised his voice, and at this sign the Geese on the ground came to life and flew away, leaving behind the most astonished hunter in all India.

This illustrates the verse,

E'en kings should heed an aged counselor's words; The aged Goose set free the captive birds.



THE LION AND THE CARPENTER

In a certain village there lived a carpenter who went every day into the forest to cut down trees and split them into beams. Toward noon his wife would bring him a fine bowl of rice and other foods, for his midday meal.

Now in this forest there dwelt also a Lion, with two attendants, a Jackal and a Crow. One day, as the Lion was walking alone, he saw the carpenter and started toward him. The carpenter thought that he was as good as dead, but reflected, "My only chance is to act boldly."

So he went to meet the Lion, and said [89]

with a bow, "Come, Brother, come and join me at my luncheon!"

"My dear sir," replied the Lion, "I do not eat cooked food, for I am a flesheater; but yet I will try your fare."

Then the carpenter gave the Lion various kinds of sugared cakes and cookies. The Lion was pleased with his new food, and in gratitude promised him that he should not be disturbed by any of the beasts in the wood. The carpenter said to him, "Dear friend, come every day and you shall eat with me. But do not bring any one with you."

Thus a close friendship grew up between the two; and the Lion gave up hunting, since he preferred his new diet. At once the Jackal and the Crow, who had formerly fed upon the leavings of the Lion's dinner, began to be pinched with hunger. When they saw him returning in the early afternoon, looking very well

fed, they said, "Master, tell us where you go every day, and why you return with such a satisfied expression!"

The Lion at first said that he did not go anywhere, but finally admitted the facts: "A friend of mine comes hither every day, and we dine together upon the excellent foods which his wife has prepared."

The two said, "Let us all go together, and kill the man, that we may eat his flesh and blood; for we, at any rate, are hungry."

"Not so," returned the Lion, "for I have promised him complete safety in this forest. But I will take you with me and ask him to give you whatever is left over of these delicious foods." To this they agreed.

When the carpenter saw the Lion with his two evil companions coming towards him, he thought, "Here is misfortune coming my way!" and climbed a tree as quickly as he could.

When the Lion came up, he was much astonished and said, "Why do you climb a tree when you see me coming? I am your friend, and you have no reason to fear!"

But the carpenter, without leaving his place, said,

"I climbed the tree because I know A Lion, Jackal, and a Crow Bring nothing to a man but woe.

"I trust you, my friend, but not your two companions."

This illustrates the verse,

The evil courtiers that surround a king Oft to untimely ends the good men bring.

TWO MARVELS

Once upon a time in a certain city there dwelt two merchants, named Fortunate and Joyous. Fortunate lost his property, and planned to wander in other countries, for

> Who's lost his money from his hands, Should try his luck in foreign lands.

He had in his house a valuable weighing machine of iron, which he had inherited from his father and his grandfather. Having entrusted this to the care of his friend Joyous, he set out upon his travels.

After long wanderings, he returned to his home city not a bit richer than when he left home. He went to Joyous and said, "Good friend, return to me my weighing machine."

Joyous replied, "Alas, it is not here! The mice have eaten it."

Fortunate reflected, "That's a fine story! How could mice eat a set of scales weighing half a ton?" Aloud he said, "Well, well! How could the mice be kept from it! Iron makes such sweet and tender eating."

Joyous was pleased at this, and invited the returned wanderer to dinner. First, however, the guest wished to bathe in the river near by, and the host sent his son to carry the towels.

Fortunate seized the boy and put him into a cave on the bank of the river, and then closed the mouth of the cave with a great rock. When he returned to the house, Joyous asked him, "Fortunate, where is my son who went with you to the river?"

Fortunate replied, "Alas! He was carried away through the air by a hawk!"

The other said angrily, "You wretch! How could a hawk carry off a boy? Give me back my son, or I will take you before the king for judgment."

Fortunate returned, "You truthful man, if a hawk cannot carry off a boy, then mice cannot eat a heavy iron weighing machine. If you want your son, give me my scales!"

Thus quarreling, the two went to the palace of the king. Joyous complained loudly, "O woe! A dreadful deed has been done: this thief has stolen away my child!"

Then the judges said to Fortunate, "Come! give back to this merchant his son."

But he replied, "How can I? A hawk carried him off from the river-bank through the air, before my very eyes!"

The judges said, "You speak falsely. How could a hawk fly away with a boy?"

Then Fortunate replied with a smile, "Ah, remember the old saying,

"If mice can eat up scales of iron
As though a candy toy,
A hawk can lift an elephant,—
Say nothing of a boy!"

The judges inquired what this meant, and Fortunate told them the story of his weighing machine. The judges were much amused, and laughed loud and long. Then they made Joyous give Fortunate his scales, and Fortunate give Joyous his son.

This illustrates the verse,

Transparent lying surely fails; The son was traded for the scales.

THE BOOKWORMS

In a certain place dwelt four young Brahmans, who decided to travel in foreign lands in quest of learning. They came to a great city, and entered a monastery, where they studied hard for twelve years.

At the end of that time they said to one another, "We have now arrived at the boundaries of human knowledge. Let us ask our teacher to give us permission to return home." Securing his permission for this, they took their books and started out.

Presently they saw an Ass standing by a graveyard. The first one said, "What is that?"

The second one quickly opened his book [97]

and read the first verse that he saw: "He who stands is a cousin."

All cried out, "Then he is our cousin!" One embraced him about the neck, another washed his feet.

While still there, they saw a Camel. The third read from his book, "Quick is the pace of Righteousness."

All cried out, "Then this is Righteousness! We must bring our cousin into the way of Righteousness," and fastened the Ass to the Camel's neck. At this moment the washerman who owned the Ass came up to give the learned blockheads a good beating, but they were off too quickly.

The next day they came to a river which ran across their way. As they looked at it, wondering how to cross, the fourth youth saw a green leaf floating down the stream, and remembering a text from his book, said, "The leaf that comes will set us over." On saying this,

he promptly threw himself into the water and grasped the leaf; but the current carried him off his feet.

The first of the party immediately bethought himself of a suitable text and said,

"When loss doth threaten all, the cunning man will choose

To save the half; 'tis hard for him the whole to lose."

With that, he reached out, seized his drowning companion by the hair, swung his sword, and cut off the man's head. With the head, thus saved in accordance with the precept, they went on.

At nightfall they came to a village where they were hospitably received by the villagers, who entertained the three Brahmans in different houses.

The first one's host set before him some fine spaghetti prepared with butter and sugar. The youth looked at it, consulted his book, and read, "Who takes long threads, will die." So he left the food untouched and went away.

The second one, seeing flat tarts with beaten white of egg before him, consulted his book and read, "What is too thin and too big, lives not long." So he, too, left the house without dinner.

The third one was offered sponge cake. He looked into his book, read, "Where holes are, there is evil found," and left the house.

Then the three stupid Wise Men, hungry and dinnerless, went from the village, followed by the jeers of the villagers.

This illustrates the verse,

The men who know naught of the world,
But all from books do learn,
They, like the stupid Brahman youths,
But jeers and scoffings earn.

THE MOUSE THAT BECAME A MAID

Beside the Ganges River there was a hermitage, where many sages and their families dwelt, living and dressing frugally, and acquiring superhuman powers by their pious meditation.

One day one of the sages went to bathe in the Ganges. As he was coming out of the water, a Hawk flying overhead dropped a young Mouse from his beak into the sage's hand. The sage laid it on a leaf beside the water, bathed again, and then by his superhuman power turned the creature from a Mouse into a little girl.

He took her home with him and said to his wife, "My dear, we have no children. Therefore take this little one, and rear her as our daughter."

So the Maid that had been a Mouse was brought up carefully, much beloved by her foster parents.

When, at last, she had grown up to be a beautiful young woman, the sage's wife said to him, "Husband, do you not see that it is time to arrange the marriage of our daughter?"

The sage replied, "Quite right. We must find some one worthy to be her husband. Do you not think that the Sun God would be worthy to have her for his bride?"

"Surely no objection could be made to him," replied his wife.

The sage, with magic sayings from the Holy Books, called the Sun into his presence, and said to him, "Here is my daughter. If she will have you, take her to be your wife."

Then he said to the Maid, "Daughter, will you have the exalted Sun God as your husband?"

But she said, "Dear Father, he is too hot, and I do not want him. Call another and better one."

The sage said then to the Sun, "Exalted One, is there any one mightier than you?"

"Yes," answered the Sun, "the Cloud is mightier than I, for when he covers me, I cannot be seen."

The sage then called the Cloud into his presence and said to the Maid, "Daughter, shall I give you as wife to this one?"

She replied, "Father, he is too black and cold. Give me to another mighty being!"

So the sage asked the Cloud, "Hear me, O Cloud! Is there any one mightier than you?"

The Cloud answered, "The Wind is mightier than I, for when he smites me, I burst into a thousand pieces."

The sage then called the Wind and said to the Maid, "Daughter, will you take the Wind as husband?"

"Dear Father," answered the girl, "he is too inconstant. Summon another and a mightier one!"

"Wind," asked the sage, "is there a mightier one than you?"

"The Mountain," said the Wind, "is mightier than I am, for with all my efforts I cannot move him an inch."

The sage then summoned the Mountain and said to the Maid, "Daughter, shall I give you to this one?"

But she answered, "Dear Father, he is too hard and pitiless. Give me to another." The sage asked the Mountain, "Hear me, King of Mountains! Is there another mightier than you?"

The Mountain replied, "Mightier than I are the Mice, who force their way through me."

The sage then summoned the King of the Mice, and said to the Maid, "Daughter, shall I give you to this one to be his wife? Does the Mouse King please you?"

She, filled with joy at seeing her own kind, said, "Dearest Father, make me a Mouse and give me to him as wife, that I may dwell in his home!"

And so the sage turned her back to a Mouse and wedded her to the Mouse King.

This illustrates the verse,

Not Sun or Cloud, nor Mountain, nor the Wind, The Mouse-Maid chose to wed; for kind seeks kind.



THE HERON AND THE CRAB

Beside a pond full of lotus flowers, dwelt an aged Heron who had lost his strength and was unable to catch his natural food, the Fishes. Tortured by hunger, he stood on one foot beside the pond, motionless as a lotus flower, while tears as big as pearls dropped from his eyes.

The Fishes watched him in astonishment, and at last a Crab, staying at a safe distance, asked him, "Dear sir, why are you not busied to-day with the getting of your food? You only stand there, sighing and weeping."

"Alas," answered the Heron, "I have renounced everything in this life, and am resolved to starve myself to death! Therefore I would not eat a Fish, even though he came to me."

The Crab, his curiosity roused, asked, "Good sir, what is the cause of this?"

The Heron replied, "My child, here beside this pond I was born, and here I have grown old. But now from a prophet I have heard that a drought of twelve years is at hand. This pond will be utterly dried up, and all my old friends will perish, for they take no thought of their danger. Elsewhere all water animals are seeking the great lakes that never become dry; but no one here does so. And because I am about to lose all my friends, I am determined to end my life by fasting."

The Fishes, hearing his words, reflected, "He is by nature an enemy, but in this

case he seems to be doing us a service. Let us ask him what we shall do, for there is a saying,

> "Not on a harmful friend, but on A helpful foe, depend; A harmer really is a foe, A helper is a friend."

So they said to the Heron, "O Heron, how can we reach a place of safety?"

He replied, "Not very far away there is a great lake that would not become dry even if no rain should come for four and twenty years. If you will mount upon my back one by one, I will carry you thither."

Then the Fishes all swam as close as they could to him and cried, "Father! Uncle! Brother! Take me first! Me first! Me first!"

So the Heron took one on his back, and flew off to a great rock just out of sight of the pond, where he threw the Fish down and ate him. Then he returned and gave the others the good news that his passenger was now safe in the great lake.

Thus for many days he carried off the Fishes and ate them. At last the Crab said to him, "Remember, I was your first friend among the water animals. Do not leave me here to die, but attend now to the saving of my life!"

The Heron, tired of fish meat, and eager for the delicious meat of the Crab, consented, and flew away with him. Presently the Crab saw in the distance the rock all covered with piles of fishbones. Instantly realizing what had happened, he reflected, "Alas, poor wretch that I am, my day has come! Yet I will do what I can to save myself, for

"It is no shame to feel afraid
If danger's not yet here;
But when the danger has arrived,
Strike hard and feel no fear.

And if without a fight there is

No safety for a man,

The sage dies fighting 'gainst his foe,

And harms him all he can.''

Thereupon the Crab with his claw nipped the Heron's neck right in two.
This illustrates the verse,

Deceit, though thriving for a time, Is punished soon or late. Thus, by the nippers of the Crab, The Heron met his fate.

THE SANDPIPER AND THE SEA

On the sandy shore beside the Ocean dwelt a Sandpiper and his wife. "Husband," said Mrs. Sandpiper one spring day, "let us seek a place suitable for our nest."

"Why should we look farther?" asked Mr. Sandpiper. "Is not this very spot a good one?"

"No, my husband," returned Mrs. Sandpiper, "it is not, for at the time of full moon the high tide entirely covers it with water."

But her husband replied, "My dear, am I so helpless that the Sea can get the better of me in my own house?"

Mrs. Sandpipper laughed, and said, "Husband, there is some difference be-

tween you and the great Sea. And yet

"In tasks untried, 'tis hard to know
If you can do the work;
But if you can, then fight it out,
And never be a shirk."

So, following her husband's words, she made her nest on that very spot.

The Sea was amused by Mr. Sandpiper's words, and to test him, carried off all the eggs, while the Sandpipers were away seeking food. When they returned and saw the nest empty, the wife burst into tears and said, "I told you that this spot was not safe, and now see what has happened!"

Mr. Sandpiper said, "My dear, speak not so. My power has not yet been shown. With my bill I will remove all this water."

"Ah, my dear," announced his wife, "your bill holds but a single drop of water, and the Ganges and the Indus and eighteen hundred other rivers flow

into this Ocean! But if you will try this, then call to your help all the Birds, and attempt the task together."

Mr. Sandpiper at once called a meeting of the Birds; and the Cranes, the Storks, the Geese, the Peacocks, and all the rest were present. He said to them, "Hear my sad words! The Sea has stolen all my eggs. Let us find a means to empty it."

But the others said, "We are too weak to dry up the Sea."

"Then," said the Sandpiper, "let us punish it." So they all beat the Sea with their wings; but it only laughed at them for all their efforts.

Then one of them said, "Let us fill the Sea with stones and mud." So they all carried earth and pebbles in their beaks, and threw them into the Sea; but this also had no effect.

Finally one said, "We are quite unable to fight the mighty Ocean. But there is a

wise old Swan living under a wild fig tree, and he will give us good advice. Let us go to him." And the Swan told them to go to Garuda (Gä' roo dä), King of all Birds, for help.

So to Garuda they went and complained, "Lord and Master, protect us! The evil Sea has robbed the good Sandpiper of his eggs, and unless it is punished, it will destroy us one after another at its pleasure."

Garuda exclaimed, "That is true!"

At this moment the messenger of Vishnu came to him and said, "Ho Garuda, steed of Vishnu! Vishnu, the creator, preserver, and destroyer of the world and of all its creatures, sends me to you, and directs you to come to him to carry him to Deathless Town, where he will sit in judgment upon the affairs of the Gods."

"Ah," said Garuda, "how can I, a
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mere object of scorn, serve the exalted Vishnu? Tell him that I respectfully ask him to choose another to do him this service."

The messenger exclaimed, "What, has the Exalted One in any way slighted you?"

Garuda replied, "The Sea, the resting place of the Exalted One, has stolen away the eggs of my attendant the Sandpiper. Unless the Sea is punished, I am no longer worthy to be the Exalted One's servant. This you may tell him as soon as possible."

When the exalted Vishnu heard this from his messenger, he said, "The anger of Garuda is just." And forthwith he set out to appease him.

When Garuda saw the Ruler of the Universe coming to his house, he bowed his head in shame, and with humble prostrations begged of him, "O Exalted One!

Compel the Sea, I pray you, to restore the eggs to the Sandpiper!"

Vishnu set his fiery arrow upon his bow and in threatening manner said to the Sea, "You worker of evil, give back the eggs to the Sandpiper, or I will cause you to become dry!"

At this stern command the Sea was overcome with fear and restored the eggs.

This illustrates the verse,

One's power only then is seen,
When all his means are known;
Old Ocean by Sandpipers small
In terror once was thrown.

THE LION AND THE HARE

On the slopes of a mountain there dwelt a Lion named Untamable, who was continually killing many more animals than he could possibly eat.

One day the Buffaloes, Gazelles, Hares, and all the rest held a meeting to consider the matter. Then they went to the Lion and said, "Lord and Master, why this useless murder of the beasts, when one alone is enough to satisfy your hunger? Make an agreement with us. From this day onward sit here quietly, and one of us will come every day to be your food. Then you will have enough to eat without any effort, and we on the other hand shall not be utterly destroyed."

Untamable replied, "All that you say [117]

is true, and I accept the proposal. But if any day the chosen animal fails to come to me, I will devour you all instantly."

"Agreed," they said; and now, free from danger, they roamed through the forest without fear. Every day one animal went to the Lion at noon to be his food—an animal failing with age, or one that had renounced all earthly pleasures, or one that had lost his wife and children and no longer cared for life.

One day it was the turn of an old Hare. Though he was sent off by the others, he did not at all wish to be eaten by the Lion, and on his way he reflected,

> "Men long to live, but lose their lives, Quite helpless through their fear; Why meet the Lion like a friend, If I must die right here?"

So he went as slowly as possible, thinking all the while, "Is there not some way by which I can save my life?" In con-

sequence, he came to the Lion long after the appointed time; and even before he came into sight, the Lion in his hunger was licking his chops, and saying to himself, "Ha! To-morrow I will exterminate all the creatures in this forest!"

Then the Hare came up slowly, and bowed respectfully toward him. The Lion, even more angry because it was an especially swift-footed animal that was so late in coming, said, "You rascally Hare, why have you come so late? Tomorrow I will exterminate all the beasts to pay for your fault."

The Hare made another deep bow and said humbly, "My Lord, neither I nor the other beasts are to blame. Graciously hear the cause of my delay."

"Then tell me quickly," said the Lion, "before you are torn to pieces between my teeth!"

"My Lord," answered the Hare, "I set

out to you this morning escorted by four Hares. On our way we were stopped by a Lion that came out of a cave shouting at us, 'Ho there! Whither are you going? Commend yourselves to the God that watches over you!' I replied, 'We are going, according to an agreement, to King Untamable, that I may be his food.'

"The Lion said to me, 'Then every one of the beasts must make a like agreement with me, for this forest belongs to me, and that Untamable is only a wretched highwayman. But if he claims to be king, leave these four Hares with me as hostages, go to him and summon him hither at once, to settle by our good right arms which of us shall be king here and devour the beasts.' With that he sent me to you, and that is why I am late. Now I am at your service."

Hearing this, Untamable said, "Ha! he calls me a highwayman, does he? Good



UNTAMABLE UTTERED A ROAR OF BATTLE [121]

friend, then show me quickly this villain, that I may vent on him the anger that I first felt toward the beasts, and may recover my naturally sweet temper."

The Hare went on, "This Lion lives in a stronghold. If he comes forth, he will press us hard; if he stays inside, he will be very hard to overcome."

"No matter," said Untamable, "stronghold or no stronghold, he shall die."

"Good!" said the Hare. "But I must warn you that he is tremendously strong."

"What's that to you?" said Untamable. "Take me to him!"

The Hare now led the Lion toward a well, and looking around said, "My Lord, who has the boldness to face your Majesty? The fellow has seen us in the distance and has hidden himself in his stronghold."

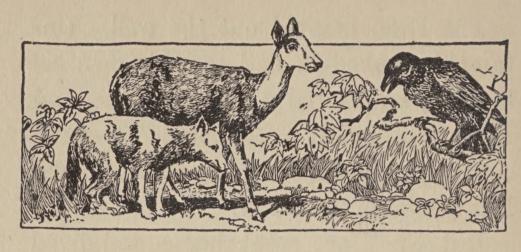
Untamable said, "Show me the strong-hold!"

The Hare pointed out the well. Untamable looked in and saw his own reflection; he uttered a roar of battle, and Echo repeated it with double strength. Accepting the challenge, he leaped in and lost his life in the water.

But the Hare went home and lived happily the rest of his life, and so did the other animals, undisturbed by any Lion.

This illustrates the verse,

The man of brains has all the power,
The stupid man has naught;
By clever planning of the Hare,
The Lion proud was caught.



THE DEER, THE CROW, AND THE JACKAL

In a forest lived a Deer, named Dapple-coat, and a Crow, who was known as Bright-wits. They were great friends. One day this Deer, fat and plump, was roaming through the woods, when a Jackal caught sight of him. At once the Jackal said to himself, "How may I get his tender flesh to eat? At any rate I will win his confidence." He then approached the Deer, and said, "Greeting, friend!"

Dapple-coat said, "Who are you?"
The Jackal replied, "I am a Jackal,
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and my name is Small-wit. I live here alone in the great forest, without relatives or friends, and am like one dead. But with you as my friend, I live again; only let me be your attendant and servant."

The Deer accepted the offer, and at sunset went back home with his new friend.

Close by lived the Crow, Bright-wits. Seeing the two, he said to the Deer, "Friend Dapple-coat, who is the stranger with you?"

"This is a Jackal," replied the Deer, who wishes to be our friend."

But the Crow said, "My friend, it is not right to trust a stranger of whom you know nothing."

At this the Jackal said angrily to the Crow, "When the Deer first saw you, you were an utter stranger to him, just as much so as I am to-day. How, then,

have you become such close friends? There is a saying,

"Small-minded men will always ask,
"Is this a foe or friend?"
The noble think, in all the world
Of friends there is no end.

"Therefore you are my friend, just as the Deer is."

The Deer said, "Why so many words? Let us all live here together happily. Not nature, but association, makes friends and enemies."

So they lived happily together for a time. But one day, in the absence of the Crow, the Jackal said to the Deer, "Friend Deer, I know a place in this forest where there is a fine field of standing grain. Come with me, and I will show it to you."

The Deer went with the Jackal to the field, and ate until he was satisfied. Every day after that, he went back and

ate more grain, and at last the owner of the field, seeing that his grain was being eaten, laid snares.

The next day the Deer was caught. As he stood there helpless, he thought, "Surely my friend can rescue me."

Meanwhile the Jackal approached, and seeing what had happened, said to himself, "Good! My plot has succeeded so far, and I think that I shall get what I want. The farmer will kill the Deer, take the meat, and leave the bones behind on the ground. They will make me a fine dinner."

Just then the Deer saw him, and called out joyfully to him, "Friend, just gnaw through these cords that hold me, and rescue me!

"A war will show if men are brave;
Debts test their honesty;
Disasters prove the worth of friends,
If they love faithfully."

The Jackal, looking closely at the snare, saw that the Deer was held fast, and said, "Alas, the snares are made of sinews. To-day we fast from meat; how can I touch them with my teeth? But to-morrow at dawn I will set you free." With these words he went off and hid behind some bushes through which he could watch the Deer.

At nightfall the Crow noticed that the Deer did not come home, and went in search of him. At last he found him, and asked him, "Friend, how have you met with such an accident as this?"

The Deer replied, "Bright-wits, this is the result of my failure to follow the good advice of a friend; for there is a saying,

"Whoever does not hear the words
Of any faithful friend,
He gives much joy to enemies,
Misfortune is his end."

"Where is the Jackal?" the Crow asked.

The Deer replied, "He is over yonder hiding, eager to eat me."

"Friend," said the Crow, "I told you that fair words were not a ground for confidence. A scoundrel has honey on the tip of his tongue, but poison in his heart."

At daybreak the Crow saw the farmer coming toward the field, with a club in his hand. Then he said, "Friend Deer, lie on the ground stiff and rigid as though you were dead. Wait until I make a sound, and then jump up quickly and run away."

The Deer did as his friend told him to do. When the farmer saw him, he said, "He has killed himself in struggling to escape." So he set the Deer free from the snares which had bound him, and started to gather up the cords.

At this moment the Crow gave the signal and the Deer sprang up and ran away. In anger the farmer threw his club after him, and it hit and killed the Jackal.

For there is a saying,

It may be days or months or years,
But yet it is quite true:
Reward or punishment will come
For everything men do.

GRATITUDE AND INGRATITUDE

In a certain village there lived a poor Brahman whose wife said to him daily, "O you spiritless and worthless Brahman! Do you not see that your wife and children are suffering from hunger? Up then and work hard to earn enough to keep us from starving!"

The Brahman decided to travel in other lands in an effort to improve his fortunes, and set out on the way.

A few days later, as he was passing through a forest, he came to a pit which had been covered with branches. In this he saw a Tiger, a Monkey, a Snake, and a Man; they also saw him.

The Tiger addressed him, "O Virtuous Man! Remember that it is a great ser-

vice to rescue living creatures; so draw me out, that I may return to my home and family."

The Brahman said in reply, "The mere mention of your name sets every one in terror. Shall not I also fear you?"

But the Tiger said,

"One may for murder or for theft atone; But, for ingratitude, no pardon's shown.

"I swear that you have nothing to fear from me. Have pity and draw me out!" Thereupon the Brahman drew him out of the pit.

The Monkey now said, "Good sir, help me also!" And the Brahman drew him up.

Then the Snake said, "O Brahman, help me out!"

"People shiver at naming you," answered the Brahman, "to say nothing of touching you!"

"We harm only to defend ourselves," [132]

returned the Snake, "I swear that you have nothing to fear from me." Thereupon the man helped the Snake out.

The three beasts then turned to the Brahman and said, "Man is the abode of all wickedness; be careful, then, how you help or trust him."

The Tiger added, "I live in a cave on the farther side of yonder mountain. Be good enough sometime to visit me, that I may repay your favor and not be forever in your debt." With that he turned away and went to his home.

The Monkey added, "I dwell beside a waterfall not far from the Tiger's cave. Pray visit me some day." Then he too went home.

The Snake added, "When you fall into danger of your life, remember me." And he too departed.

Now the Man in the pit cried repeatedly, "Brahman, Brahman, help me out!" Despite the warnings of the beasts, the Brahman drew him up. The Man said, "Good sir, I am a goldsmith, and when you would have any jewels set, bring them to me!" Then he left for his home.

The Brahman wandered about, but found nothing. At last, in desperate hunger he went to the home of the Monkey, who presented him with delicious fruits which refreshed and strengthened him. The Brahman thanked him, and said, "Show me now the way to the Tiger's cave." The Monkey pointed out the way.

The Tiger received him with joy, and said, "Receive this necklace and these other jewels in return for your kindness. I have been keeping them for you ever since their wearer, a prince who became separated from his company while out hunting, fell into my claws."

Thankful for this sudden prosperity, the Brahman turned next toward the home of the goldsmith, thinking, "He will surely sell these jewels for me." The goldsmith received the Brahman kindly, and asked what he could do for him.

The Brahman said, "I have brought some gold and jewels which I wish to sell. Will you take charge of the matter for me?"

The goldsmith, seeing the articles, recognized them as his own handiwork which he had sold to the prince, and said, "Wait here, while I show them to one who may buy them." Taking the things, he went straight to the king, and said, "I have received these from a Brahman, who is even now at my shop. Did they not belong to your son?"

The king said, "The man has surely slain and robbed my son. Have him cast [135]

into chains, and executed to-morrow at daybreak!"

When the Brahman was seized and bound, he thought of the Snake. Instantly the Snake appeared before him and said, "Good sir, what can I do to show my gratitude to you for saving my life?"

The Brahman replied, "Free me from my imprisonment."

"Very well," said the Snake, "I will sting the queen, and neither magic sayings nor drugs will be able to cure her; but you shall heal the wound by the mere touch of your hand. Then they will set you free."

After this, the Snake went to the palace and stung the queen. At once loud wailings sounded through the city. The king sent out messengers to summon all the physicians and magicians to her aid; but no one could help her. Finally

the captive Brahman said, "I will free her from the poison."

Therefore he was taken from prison and led before the king. He placed his hand lightly upon the wound, and lo! the queen was restored to perfect health. The king showed him all marks of honor and reverence, and finally asked him how he had received the gold and jewels. The Brahman told him his story.

Then the king, in gratitude for the cure of the queen, made him his Prime Minister, and gave him great riches. The Brahman sent for his wife and children, and lived at the court of the king all the rest of his life, doing deeds of kindness and mercy, and administering business of state. But the ungrateful goldsmith was cast into prison.

This illustrates the verse,

A rescued Tiger, Snake, or Monkey can At times show better feelings than a man.

SOMILAKA AND HIS MONEY

In a village there lived a weaver named Somilaka (Sō mǐ' lä kä). He wove beautiful cloths, and made them into splendid garments, fit for a king; but somehow he was never able to save a penny. And yet the other weavers grew very rich.

Somilaka thought long and deeply, and at last said to his wife, "My dear, see how rich these ordinary weavers are! Yet with all my skill I do not prosper. I will go elsewhere to try my fortune."

His wife replied, "Why do you expect to do better in another land? For

"All things that happen on this earth
Do follow fate's decree;
The man that's fated to be poor
Will never wealthy be."

But he said, "With stout-hearted effort much may be done.

"In striving to secure a thing, Persistent work results will bring."

He went away to the city of Burdwan (Burd wän'), where he worked hard. In three years he had saved three hundred gold pieces. With this fortune he started on his homeward journey.

One day darkness fell on him in the midst of an immense forest. To avoid wild animals, he climbed a great banyan tree, and laid himself down to sleep on a large limb. About midnight, he had a dream, in which he saw two men quarreling violently.

One said, "Doer, you know very well that Somilaka is not allowed to possess more than enough for food and clothing. Why have you given him three hundred gold pieces?"

Doer replied, "Deed, my duty is to [139]

reward all honest effort; but the final result is in your hands. Take the money from him, if you will!"

At this point the weaver woke up; he saw no one, but his purse was empty. The poor man reflected, "How have I lost my money? Every piece of my hard-earned gold is gone. I can never go back to my wife empty-handed."

Returning to Burdwan, he worked so industriously that in a single year he laid by five hundred gold pieces. Then he started home again.

As ill luck would have it, the sun set just as he reached the spot where he had lost his money the year before. Hurrying on, he had not gone far when he heard two men talking behind him.

One said, "Doer, you know very well that Somilaka may not possess more than enough for food and clothing. Why have you given him five hundred gold pieces?" Doer replied, "Deed, my duty is to reward all honest effort; but the final result is in your hands. Why then reproach me?"

Hearing these words, Somilaka felt anxiously for his purse, and again found it empty. In his despair he thought, "I might as well end my life now," and made a rope of grass with which to hang himself. But just as he was fastening it about his neck, a man of gigantic size appeared to him in the air, and said, "Somilaka, I am he who has taken away your money; this is the penalty for evil deeds which you did long ago. But now you have been sufficiently punished, and have won my favor. I will grant you a wish!"

Somilaka said, "Then give me wealth!"
"Why so," said the man, "when you
cannot enjoy it? Even now, the influence
of your past deeds follows you, and no

enjoyment beyond that of food and clothing is allowed you."

But Somilaka insisted, "Even thus I desire to possess wealth."

"Return then to Burdwan," said the man, "and seek out two merchants, named Money-keeper and Money-enjoyer. Observe each, and choose which you would resemble."

After saying this, the man disappeared. Somilaka went back, and towards the next evening found Money-keeper's house. Money-keeper greeted the stranger in a very surly fashion, and at meal time gave him only some of the remnants. He offered him no bed, but left him in the courtyard for the night.

At midnight Somilaka again heard the two men talking. One said, "Doer, why did you allow Money-keeper to spend money uselessly in feeding Somilaka? Therein you did wrong!"

Doer replied, "Deed, it is not my fault. I must let every one get what he earnestly desires. If his nature is to be miserly and inhospitable, I must let him remain a miser until he has learned to do better. The reward or punishment, whichever he deserves, is in your hands!"

So the next day Money-keeper was ill and unable to eat a mouthful, and his extravagance was in this way made up.

Then Somilaka went to the house of Money-enjoyer, where he was received with all the honors due a guest. His host gave him an excellent dinner, clean clothes, and a comfortable bed. But at midnight Somilaka again heard the two men talking.

One said, "Doer, this man has spent much money in the entertainment of Somilaka. What is he to do? For he has spent all that he has."

The other replied, "Deed, I have but [143]

done my duty. It is my part to let every man do what he wishes. But you know whether he really wanted to be generous or not; the outcome is in your power."

And in the morning, a servant of the king came to Money-enjoyer with a great bag of gold which the king sent him as a present.

When Somilaka left this hospitable house, the same gigantic man met him, and asked him, "Will you be like Money-keeper, or like Money-enjoyer?"

Somilaka instantly replied, "Though Money-enjoyer has no riches stored up, I much prefer him to the miserly Money-keeper. Therefore, Exalted One, make me like the one who enjoys, and not like the one who hoards."

And at once he became a generous and hospitable man, ready to give everything for the sake of another.

GOOD-AND-CLEVER AND BAD-AND-TRICKY

Two friends, Good-and-clever and Badand-tricky, lived in a village not far from each other. One day Bad-and-tricky thought to himself, "I am certainly a stupid fellow to stay here in my poverty; I will persuade Good-and-clever to go traveling with me into other lands, and together we will gain much money. Then I'll cheat him out of his share and live in plenty the rest of my days."

So he went to Good-and-clever and said, "Good friend, when you become an old man, what adventures will you have to relate to your grandchildren? For

"There's naught befalls a stay-at-home; So through the world a man should roam. "Let us then set out to foreign lands, that we may see the peoples of other countries and may learn their ways."

Good-and-clever was attracted by the prospect, and the two took leave of their parents and set out from home. After long travels, they found a great jar of gold, and turned back with their treasure, happy at their success, but eager to be home again. For

To him who in a foreign land
Has riches won, or power,
The journey home will seem a month,
Though be it but an hour.

When they were near their home village, Bad-and-tricky said to his comrade, "Friend, it will not be wise to bring our treasure home, for our families and relatives will long for it. Therefore let us bury it carefully here in this dense thicket, and take only a little with us. When that is used, we will come back to-

gether and take away as much more as we need at the time. For

"The wise man hides his wealth with art, For gold perverts a good man's heart. As fish and beasts and birds eat meat, So men delight, the rich to cheat."

Good-and-clever, hearing these words, cried, "Good! Let us do this!" So after each had taken a small share of the gold, they buried the rest and went home, where they lived comfortably for some time.

One dark night Bad-and-tricky went out into the forest, dug up the treasure, and carried it home, after carefully burying again the jar which had held the money.

Not long after that, he went to Goodand-clever and said, "Friend, we both have large families, and need more money. Let us go and dig up our treasure!"

Good-and-clever replied, "Yes, let us do so."

On digging up the jar, they found it absolutely empty. Bad-and-tricky struck himself upon the head in despair and exclaimed, "Why, Good-and-clever! You have stolen all the money! I know that it was you who did it, for an ordinary thief would not have buried the jar again. Give me the half of what you have taken and hidden away, or I will make complaint before the king!"

Good-and-clever indignantly replied, "You villain, do not speak thus! My very name, Good-and-clever, shows that I am no thief."

Quarreling thus, they both went to the court, told their case, and accused each other. But the judges, finding no witnesses, referred the decision to a Judgment by the Gods.

At this Bad-and-tricky said, "This is not just, for the sages order the Judgment by the Gods only when there are no documents and no witnesses. But I have as witness the Goddess of the Tree where the money was buried; and she will tell which of us is the thief, and which the honest man."

The others said, "Then it is right to hear her evidence, and to decide by it. To-morrow morning early we will go out into the forest to consult the Tree Goddess."

Thereupon Bad-and-tricky went home and said to his father, "Father, I stole the money from Good-and-clever. A mere word of yours will assure it to us; otherwise, we shall lose both the money and my life."

Then the father said, "Son, tell me quickly what I am to do."

Bad-and-tricky replied, "Close to the spot where the money was buried, there is a great mimosa tree. You must hide yourself in its hollow, and when I ask

who took the money, you must say that it was Good-and-clever."

Early the next morning Bad-and-tricky dressed himself in clean garments, and going to the tree with Good-and-clever and the judges, said in loud and clear tones, "The Sun, the Moon and the Wind, the Sky, the Earth and the Water, the Fire, the Day and the Night, the Dawn, the Twilight, and Righteousness know the deeds of men. So speak, holy Goddess of the Tree, which of us two is the thief?"

At once Bad-and-tricky's father, concealed within the mimosa tree, spoke: "Hear my words! This money was stolen by Good-and-clever."

When Good-and-clever heard this, he thought, "This is very peculiar. How can a tree speak? Yet cleverness may bring out the truth."

Then he said aloud, "Alas, my misdeed is discovered! Just this morning I was

carrying off the money from where I had hidden it after taking it from the jar, and as I was by this tree I saw a great cobra coming towards me. To escape, I threw the heavy bag of gold among the roots of this tree, and ran for my life. But as I fled, I saw the cobra crawl into the hollow of the tree. Now I must give the money back. Pray stand aside a little, while I try to drive off this cobra from his hiding place."

Good-and-clever now filled the hollow with dried leaves and sticks, and set them on fire. The flames streamed up the hollow, which acted of course just like a chimney; and in a very few minutes Badand-tricky's father came tumbling down the hollow to the ground, almost suffocated, with his skin scorched and his hair all burned off.

At this astonishing sight everybody cried out, "Why, what is this?"

The poor man said, "My dishonest son has brought me to this sad fate!" And having uttered these words, he died.

At once the judges understood what had happened, and ordered Bad-and-tricky to be led off to execution.

This illustrates the verse,

If you be clever and be good, Dishonest tricks may be withstood.

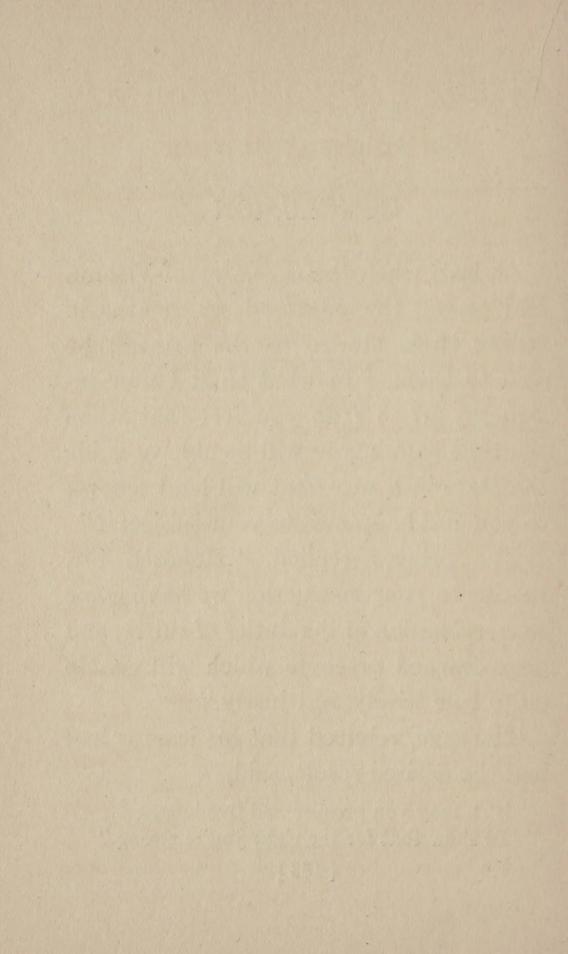
CONCLUSION

At last, when the sage, Joy-of-Vishnu, had passed the promised six months in telling these stories to the princes, he said to them, "In what shall I now instruct you? Or do you feel that when the time comes, you will be able to guide the state in a way that will lend renown to you and happiness to your subjects?"

The princes replied, "Honored Sir, thanks to your instruction we have come to a realization of the duties of rulers, and have learned precepts which will enable us to rule wisely and justly."

The sage, rejoiced that his lessons had had the desired result, said,

"Now may you prosper and live long,
To show that for the right you're strong."



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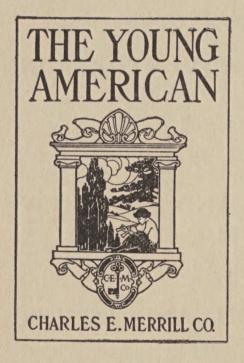
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